

THE BLOOMFIELD CITIZEN.

VOLUME VII. NO. 28.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1889.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN.

A HALF HOUR'S PLEASANT READING FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A Brief but Entertaining Chapter About Camels—A Revised Edition of One of Mother Goose's Sonnets, with a Suggestive Illustration

The fellow shown in the accompanying picture with two bumps on his back is a camel. Some camels have only one hump. A camel is just made. Uncle John says, to travel on deserts. He's rode himself. Then jounces awfully. They step seven feet at once, and I should think they'd jounce, if we were to travel on deserts. They sink in the sand. And they are cushiony. He can go a long time without drinking. And in deserts the wells are a great way apart; and sometimes they dry up, and the caravans have to travel and trudge, and days, and weeks, and months, and months don't mind. He has a stomach full of little cells, and he fills these full enough to last him a week. And every time he comes to a well he must go a long time too. For his legs are made of fat, and he lives on that. Uncle John says, "absorb it," he says. And when he's been a long time without eating the bumps grow ever so small. So you see he is made just right to travel on a desert.



A CAMEL.
"Camels go eight or ten miles an hour, if their load isn't too heavy. The Arabs eat them raw, when they're dead. They make clothes out of the camel's hair and leather out of the camel's skin. So you see, the camel is a very useful animal."

The foregoing interesting description of this patient, useful animal was especially prepared for Little Men and Women.

A Wicked Cat.

"O! Pussy with the bushy tail, Are you a wicked cat? You grain your claws upon a nail, And when as short as my nail, You are very fat."

You wash your whiskers with your feet;

Your tongue is rough and red,

And looks as if it tasted meat;

Yet all I ever see you eat,

Is pure white milk and bread.

I found upon our grass today,
A birdie with broken wings;
If you did kill it, poor, gray,
And eat it up, I'll only say,
You are a wicked thing!"

Suppose a hungry bear this eve,
Along the street should pass,
And, like a hawk, fly down, seize,
Our tail up, and only leave
Your tail upon the grass.

You'd think he was a cruel bear;
I think you're cruel, too;
I know I'd scarce before I'd tear
A birdie with my claws, and glare
And eat him up like you.

—Chas. G. Dilliver.

A Mother Goose Sonnet.

There is a hole in a slate,
A boy named Simon sojourned in a slate.

Some said that he was simple, but I'm sure
That he was nothing less than simon pure;

They thought him as simple, forebore, and
Left him to live in Mother's care.

Ah! a little boy, timid, composed, demure—
He had imagination. Yet endurance
Did he not have?—and he did not fail.

But there are Simon's of a larger growth,
Who too, in shallow waters fish for whales,
And when they fall into them, they are lost.

If the small boy is simple, then are both,
The big Simon's, who often raise
At what he calls ill luck or unkind fate.

—Nicholas.

Hope.

When Pandora's box was opened, all the vices flew out, but Hope remained inside. This is a roundabout way of saying that hope is always at hand. This is so true that I do not believe there ever was a human being in the world, who, if he had a strait and narrow path to travel, had not sensed entirely without hope, a writer in Golden Days.

The drowning man who catches at a straw, the shipwrecked sailor, the entombed miner, even the murderer on the gallows, clings to hope where every other human sentiment has fled. It is hope that gives us the strength to hold on to life, to hold on to health, to hold on to love, to hold on to friends, to hold on to life.

Very fortunate for us hope is distinct from despair. If facts and figures could kill hope, we would lack many useful inventions. The wise men of England conclusively proved that Stephenson could not perfect the locomotive engine, and the reasoning was all against him, but hope made him persist.

Greatly, however, when all his friends deserted him, Morse saw a bright future for the electric telegraph when a whole nation started at his efforts.

The most frequent expression we hear is

"I hope so," and the old adage assures us that "while there is life there's hope." So there is. Sunshine always follows darkness, and hope is the sunshine of life.

Tea Jelly.

A dessert quite in fashion and much liked

by all who are fond of the "cup that cheers

but need not medicate" is tea jelly.

It is made by boiling tea in a little water until dissolved, then add a pint of boiling tea and a

cupful of sugar, stir and strain into a mold.

It is best served with whipped cream.

Type-Writing.

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The School Board.

The Board of School Trustees held their regular monthly business meeting on Tuesday evening. The approximate estimates for the new school house on Berkeley Hill were examined. The trustees as yet have made no decision in the adoption of plans between those furnished by architects Joseph Oakes and F. T. Camp. A committee of the trustees will go to Passaic next Wednesday to inspect the school, Wills & Co's heating apparatus in use in the Passaic schools. The sidewalk committee, of the Township Committee, will ask the consent of the trustees to construct a sidewalk across the school common from Belleville Avenue to connect with the walk on the west side of the First Presbyterian Church. Many pedestrians cross the school ground at this point, and in wet weather it is very muddy. It is desired that a sidewalk be constructed. The petition for it was made to the Township Committee last Monday night.

A Hunter's Fatal Accident.

The hunting season of 1889 was marked with a tragic opening in Bloomfield last Friday. Mr. Jacob Keisler, a well known resident of Brookdale, was instantly killed by the accidental discharge of a gun.

Mr. Keisler and a friend from Orange had been hunting in the forenoon. They intended returning their hunt after dinner.

Mr. Keisler's friend had experienced some difficulty with his gun, which was a breech loader. The former undertook to examine it to ascertain where the fault was.

It is supposed that he held the weapon with the muzzle against his breast, and happening to let the stock strike heavily on the floor caused its discharge. He received the contents of the gun in the right side of his breast. Death was instantaneous. His wife was prostrated with grief over her husband's sudden taking off. Mr. Keisler was fifty five years old. Funeral services were held in the Reformed Church at Brookdale on Monday.

Baddy Hurt.

The dangerous pastime of catching on behind wagons which is frequently indulged in by small boys resulted in serious injury of one of Mr. Henry Campbell's children on Monday evening.

Mr. Campbell resides in John Robinson's house on Bloomfield Avenue.

The little boy who was injured is about six years old. He was catching on to the wagons passing to and fro along the avenue. He ran behind an express wagon, and suddenly let go, and stepped from behind the wagon directly in front of a horse and buggy being driven in the direction of Newark, and containing a Mr. Friday and a Mr. Mundy from that city. The horse and carriage passed over the boy inflicting very serious wounds on his head. Mr. Friday jumped out and picked up the boy. He carried him to his home, and immediately drove back to Bloomfield for a physician. Mr. Friday is a well known businessman of Newark. He was greatly distressed over the unfortunate occurrence which was absolutely unavoidable on his part. He left word with the family to have the best of care taken of the injured child, and he would defray the expenses. Members of the family have since called to learn of the child's condition. It is feared that the boy's eyesight is permanently injured.

The Board of Freeholders.

The Democrats have now succeeded in getting control of the Essex Board of Chosen Freeholders. The Republicans are represented in the board by three members only—Messrs. Peck, Carthub and Kinsey, against eight Democrats.

The new board goes into effect December 1st.

The members hold office for two years and will have control of the entire county affairs. They are required to give bonds, with two sureties, for \$15,000 each, and the Director \$25,000, to be approved by a Judge of the Supreme Court. Each member will receive \$1,200 salary, and when they fall into the hands of the Director \$2,000, payable quarterly, with no other compensation.

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Messages transmitted by telephone at any hour, day or night, from Scherf's Drug Store.

H. ALSEY M. BARNETT,

Attorney and Counselor at Law,

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Residence, Elm St., Bloomfield.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS, ETC., TAKEN.

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EDWARD H. GILBERT, Sheriff.

NEWARK, N. J., OCTOBER 26, 1889.

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THOMAS M. DODD, Sheriff.

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